

Ace!

Jan. \$1.00 48033 • K

Yuletide Flesh Feast! **AND A MERRY** **X-RATED X-MAS** **FROM ACE TO YOU!**

Rappin' with Mrs. Claus:
"NICK CAN'T GET HIS
CHIMNEY UP ANY MORE . . .
AND HE'S A BIT OF A
STOCKING FREAK!"

Christmas Cards You'll
Never See

Joke-Rock Carols For
The Coming Season

Gift-Wrapped Gash

How To Lick Off A Candy Cane

Dirty Do's and Don'ts
For Your Office Party

Karnal Kristmas
Presents For The Guy
Who'll Ball Anything

© Cum All Ye Faithful!



NOW YOU CAN

BEAT THE RACES

WITHOUT EVEN GOING TO THE TRACK—

Let the world's foremost handicappers do 90% of the work for you—



Use my Positive Selector Method (PSM) for 15 days at my risk for positive proof of its effectiveness.

This completely new and different device is based on the principle that up to 90% of all winners are picked by selectors as a group. These selectors do 99% of the tedious, full time work of evaluating the class, conditions, time, pace, workouts, weight, etc. They do everything necessary to predict the winners.

LET ME EXPLAIN

All horses in any race, combined as a group, have a positive 100% chance of winning. In other words, if ten horses enter a race, each has a 10% chance of winning. The professional selectors then — by process of elimination — pick the three horses most likely to come across the finish line in order of first, second and third. The Racing Form (on sale at every newsstand) will give you the results of the time consuming work done by the selectors. For the price of a paper you save yourself hours of work.

WHAT YOU MUST DO

1. Consider the odds and the horse's last race. 2. Consider if the horse has been in the money in the past 30 days. 3. Consider the horse's weight. 4. Consider how much money the horse has earned. All of this information is specifically outlined in the Racing Form. You simply apply the PSM to this information and walk away a

winner. Since it is a mechanical device, the PSM is so incredibly simple that your wife, who may have no knowledge of horses, can select the winner.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Mr. J. B. of Chicago writes: "Most systems you take with a grain of salt, because most do not deliver as advertised. But, let me say this is not the case with PSM. IT IS BY FAR THE BEST. To show what I mean, it ended this month with a whopper — Sept. 7 KLONDIKE CHAMP, \$81.00, \$25.20, \$9.40. Along with this \$81.00 winner and several others, this has been an exceptional week."

Mr. L. W. C. of California states: "Thanks a million for PSM. 1st race at B.M. it picked UBRIVILLWINDA paying \$13.00 and the daily double paying \$138.00 and I had five tickets on it for \$690.00 and \$8.00 win bet which collected me \$52.00 and I went home."

Mr. H. B. P. of California states: "Your PSM is the first purchase by me. After I re-handicapped the expert selections with it the night before, I went to Hol. Pk. the next day. PROPER figured odds-on at 3 to 10. When he left the gate at 6 to 1 (with me aboard) that convinced me. I am now a believer, not because he won, but because other winners will follow."

Try my PSM for 15 days. Send me \$20.00 and I will ship you the PSM the same day. Win with it. Beat the races — then if not satisfied return it to me within 15 days and I'll return your \$20.00. No questions asked. © 1972 A. G. ILLICH

A. G. ILLICH, Dept. TM-173
227 East 45th Street
New York, N. Y. 10017

Dear A:

I'm enclosing \$20.00 in
☐ Cash, ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
If I am not completely satisfied, I will return the PSM for a complete refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Ace!

JANUARY, 1973

editor
publisher
art director

PETER WOLFF
ALLEN STEARN
HUBERT X. ADAMS

MERRY X(RATED)—MAS!

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JOCK-ROCK CAROLS

THE OFFICE PARTY SONG

(Tune: Deck The Halls)

Dick the girls at office follies
Falalalala lalala la
Perfect time to get your jollies
Falalalalala la lalalala!
Doff the chicks their play apparel
Falala lalala la la la
The boss gets Joyce, his son gets Carole
Falalala la, lalala la!



TINGLE BALLS

(Tune: Jingle Bells)

Tingle balls, finger poles,
Swingle on a sleigh
Oh what fun it is to grind
And bump along the way!

Thrashing round the hay
With a \$20 lay
All I feel is fay
As through the nose I pay
Balls on cocktails ring
Mixing spirits strong
To her rump I cling
With my one horse-power dong



FOR THE COMING SEASON

SANTA CLAUS IS CUMMING TONIGHT

You better not scratch, you better not bite
You better spread wide and not be too tight
Cause Santa Claus is coming . . . tonight!

He knows that you are horny, he knows that you are cold
He knows that you are good in bed and you'll do what you are told!

So . . . you better grease up and put on your spikes
You better get into those stockings he likes
Cause Santa Claus is coming . . . tonight!



"It's what I wanted for Christmas all right, only I expected more, much more."

WE TWO QUEANS

(Tune: We Three Kings)



We two queans most prurient
are
Soliciting johns in corner bar!
If they load it
We'll explode it
In alley, hotel room, or car!

O LITTLE TEASE ON METHADONE

(Tune: O Little Town Of Bethlehem)

O little piece on methadone
How still, your trackmarks lie
To get your kicks, you'll turn no tricks
The State will keep you high!

I'M CREAMING ON A TIGHT ISTHMUS

(Tune: I'm Dreaming etc.)

I'm creaming on your tight isthmus
In a canal zone built for two
Fear sweatdrops glisten
And trails of jissum
Cover you from maidenhead to mistletoe!



THE COLLEGIAN'S XMAS VACATION LAMENT

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . a pud-pounding in the backseat . . .

On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . two suckling lips and a pud-pounding in the back seat . . .

On the third day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . three minutes bare-tit, two suckling lips, and a pud-pounding in the back seat . . .

On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . four reasons why-not, three minutes bare-tit, two suckling-lips, and a pud-pounding in the back seat . . .

On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . five inches suck-muff, four reasons why-not, three minutes bare-tit, two suckling lips, and a pud-pounding in the back seat . . .

On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . six rubs dry-humping, five inches suck-muff, four reasons why-not, three minutes bare-tit, two suckling lips, and a pud-pounding in the back seat . . .

On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . seven years of cherry, six rubs dry-humping, five inches suck-muff, four reasons why-not, three minutes bare-tit, two suckling lips, and a pud-pounding in the back seat!

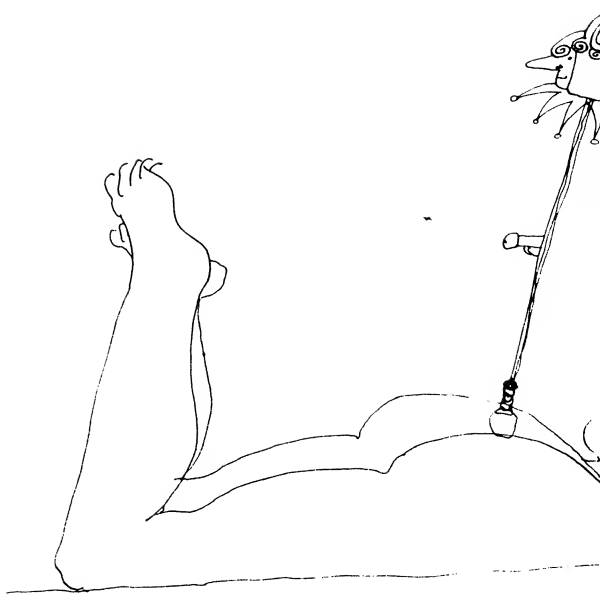
On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me . . . eight shrieks how-could-you!, seven years of cherry, six rubs dry-humping, five inches suck-muff, four reasons why-not, three



minutes bare-tit, two suckling-lips, and a pud-pounding, etc. . .

(And then, on the ninth day of Christmas, she angrily presented me with a \$9 bill from the doctor for a shot of penicillin to douse her dose. Some Christmas! Better luck next year!)





THE PRODIGIOUS

An institution within the institution, his mammoth man-handle was the talk of the nurse's washroom and the apple of every thigh in the hospital!

By BILL BUICK



PECKER

Allow one to share an intimacy here: when one walks into a hospital under one's own steam and with a bounce in one's step and a gleam in one's eye, one must needs anticipate that a lot of pretty cozy situations are about to develop.

And now . . . the tale:
Having signed the necessary admittance papers I was soon attended by a lovely young auxiliary who paraded me down the long corridor to room 12. It was 4:30 in the afternoon. My mortal form was scheduled for surgery the next morning.

It was late August in Southern California. The tumbling, sparkling rill of a stream ran diagonally across a corner of the hospital property and there was a fine bristle of trees and a tumultuous spread of wild flowers all about. My own surroundings . . . a semi-private room on the ground floor. Lovely! In the other bed, a wardfellow reclined, his back to me, sleeping. There were individual curtains, a fine bathroom, two large

television sets. I walked over to the large window and as I gazed out the view was such as Robin Hood himself would have approved, large elms and a canopy of green foliage, even a small flower garden.

So here I was. What was I to do now? I knew nothing of hospitals so I picked up the folder on the night table and read the rules and regulations. My simple studies were soon interrupted by a long, loud groan, and then another from across the room. Suddenly, the realization came that this was indeed a hospital, a hospital where people were carved into, where intrusions were perpetrated upon one's corporal meat—with knife, with scalpel, with thread. My neighbors and I were to suffer pain, real pain. And I myself would endure such agonies on the morrow.

As I learned, the patient next to me had only just returned from the "recovery" room and was now only stirring from under the anesthetic. His groans grew louder and suddenly several nurses swirled into the room and grouped about him. One pulled closed the curtains and dutifully performed her arcane ministrings.

THE PRODIGIOUS PECKER

As my roommate was being attended and his groaning lessened, there appeared a youthful chap, a young hospital aide, dressed in olive-green surgical mantle. He welcomed me and promptly invited me to put away my gear—shaving equipment, clothes, shoes, etc. into nearby locker, exhorted me to disrobe and don a hospital gown—white, sort-of single-draped, offering only armpit accommodations, tying at neck. Now naked, I was indeed “redressed” for the occasion. I climbed between the sheets, adjusted the bed to a mild sitting position and . . . well . . .

here I was.

No sooner was I settled then came the nurse’s aid, a pretty girl, bearing a dinner tray athwart her bosoms. I dined in silence, all the while noting the considerable activity up and down the hall outside my door. From ten feet away I could hear the heavy breathing, a minor groan, a heavy sigh.

Dinner accomplished I settled back, turned to the Rinkley/Dinkly and the news. But I didn’t reckon on hospital efficiency and organization, because now came olive-greened Ronnie, the aide, to escort me to the shower for an antibacterial cleansing. Restoring me to my bed, he informed me he would return in a few minutes to shave me.

I had come into the hospital clean-shaven! Yet before I could stop him, he was gone. Silly, I said to myself. I didn’t need a shave. In another moment, a tall, dignified man appeared before me. “I am your anesthesiologist,” quoth he, and proceeded to inform me of the schedule for tomorrow morning. I would receive a pre-operation injection promptly at 8:30 a.m., would be taken to the operating room at 9:30. I was to eat nothing prior and drink only water. In the operating room I would be given an operational “spinal” and this would be administered to me exactly at 9:40 a.m. Did I have any objection to a spinal? Well, what was a spinal I asked? Like a lawyer, he explained it was similar to Novocaine as administered in dentistry. Had I experienced this? Yes, I had. The spinal would render the entire lower half of my body from just below the lungs, completely numb. Would I feel anything during the operation? No. Would I be awake and know what was going on? Well . . . query after query. Answering cryptically but pleasantly he, at last, departed. And like magic there was Ronnie again—with bottle. After this, well . . . the enema. This was indeed a nonsense hospital—perfectly organized, perfectly

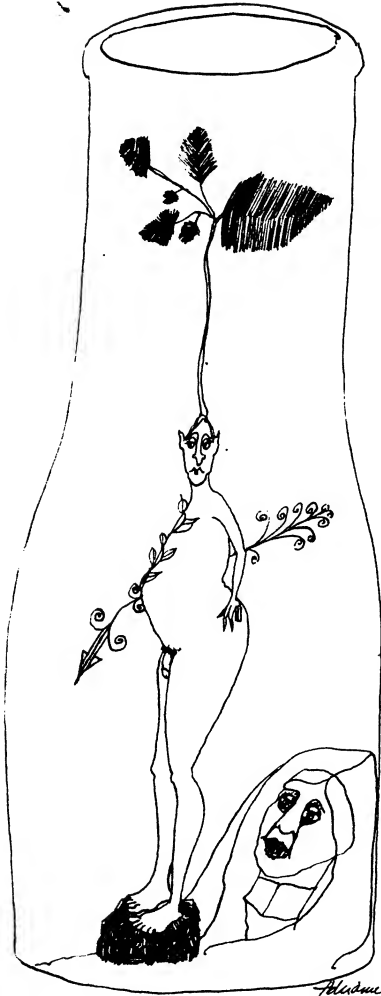
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And now I am finally prepared—ready for the ordeal in the morning. Oh! Not so! I felt my chin. No stubble. I felt my neck. This too was smooth. And it was Ronnie again. Pulling the enveloping curtains so as to conceal his tonsorial manipulations, he placed the shaving mug on the bed table, stirring the mixture zealously. Turning now, he held the lathered brush aloft and with his free hand now laid back the bedcovers and pulled my gown up. As he did so, he paused as a look of astonishment came over his countenance and his eyes brightened. Quite obviously, Ronnie wasn’t prepared for what he saw. The fact is, neither was I. I had thought about a steam towel over my face. Instead, it came to me abruptly that it was not the facial foliage that would be involved.

Ronnie stood aback momentarily. The fact is that there was considerable warmth in the hospital bed, and as is usual for me under such circumstances, my penis was somewhat engorged (me not having indulged in something like four days . . . perhaps five, when as I recall a model named Anne had required certain special attentions).

It has always amused me that such astonishment came over girls (and boys) when they came into visual contact with my appendage. Yes . . . I was proud of the dimension, (eleven inches is nothing to sneeze at), but it just didn’t seem to be anything too damned extraordinary . . . at least to me.

“My goodness!” Ronnie exclaimed, halting his professional foray. But he said no more as he re-approached his task. Lathering my belly and the entire genital area and the groins, he now proceeded to draw the blade across my abdomen, and, progressing further, he picked up my member (still half-aroused) and utilizing every precaution, addressed himself to defoliating it, every follicle. Holding it aloft, he now mowed the pubisure. And then to the groins and the testicles, all the while still holding the member in a vertical position (it was stiffer now!) And now the order to “turn over!”—followed by “spread your legs!” Ronnie, carefully, professionally, bared the area completely, catering especially to my buttocks and the lower crotch region. Soon, I sat upright again, my manhood propped fairly erect and lay hard upon my stomach. It was throbbing as Ronnie applied the hot washcloth and followed with a cooling astringent, one that, for some reason, reminded me of an old-



time after-shave lotion called Eau de Pinaud—a sort-of-lilac odor prevailing. Lovely! Now Ronnie dried me thoroughly and, holding the member aloft once again and inspecting it, he suddenly dropped it onto my belly, gazing into my eyes as though to say, "Landsakes . . . what a thing!"

Now, let no one say that this writer despaired of girls for all the usual services sex-wise. I am 28, well-reared . . . from a fine old mid-western family, doing well in business, and making the most of life in Hollywood. Certainly, I had found myself enamoured of certain girls as time went by, yet I came to think of them as parasites in a way, seeking to legally ensnare and trap a man, confine him, and (to use an old expression my Dad apprised me of) "pushovers." As far as I was concerned, most girls were mental midgets but capable of using charm and sex-appeal as cleverly as a woodsman wields his axe.

Make no mistake, I like girls. But the fact is I had entered the hospital for the removal of piles (not the most alluring predicament!) and I considered this was something girls just shouldn't know about or have anything to do with.

In any event, it was routine surgery. I remember being moved into surgery, the towering man with the syringe . . . I don't remember being alert or awake, although I do recall my legs being hoisted into straps . . . and now I'm sure I'm back in my bed . . . at least I'm pretty sure, and I recall asking a nurse to assure me that my legs were indeed attached to my body. Doing so, she lifted the left one and showed me. Brother . . . that spinal was a potent one to be sure.

Re-assured, I lay back, pixilated by medication, of course. I dozed and there were thoughts . . . strange thoughts . . . of Ronnie. I remembered this new feeling of excitement. I recalled a dozen girls who had enjoyed my prodigy, expressed astonishment, were fascinated, lavished affection. They had loved me and it and I loved their soft bellies, their bosoms. I recalled how they swooned when they found I could copulate long and vigorously, and I remember how one lovely thing actually challenged me . . . well . . . I gave her something to remember! But now I was hospitalized, confined, away from sexual approach. I was immobilized, under supervision, medication. I was to sleep, heal, to wait.

For three days and nights I lived, dozed and slept, sedated, completely relaxed. But, on the fourth day I awakened alert, willing, and sexually "up." I was aware that my penis was enlarged. I felt it to be sure. It

(Continued on page 68)

THE PRODIGIOUS PECKER

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RULE 2 DON'T DRESS UP THE TREE AND UNDESS THE RECEPTIONISTS This is very bad business. Make sure all receptionists are suitably bedecked in holly and tinsel and be sure to put a bra and panties on the company tree.

Mort Simmons has had three jobs in the last three years. It's not exactly that Mort prefers to keep jobhopping. In fact, he'd like very much to stay in one spot. Unfortunately for Mort, one thing always seems to do him in. Waiting for him at the end of each year is a peculiarly American institution that threatens to destroy any good impression he's made on his superiors and totally negate the good work he's done all year. "It's the damn Christmas party," he says. "After that, the boss always calls me in and hands me my walking papers."

Although Mort's situation is perhaps an extreme example of the possible consequences of the Christmas office party, it's hardly unique. Millions of American men are placed each year in a strange and unfamiliar position by the weird and uncanny ritual acted out in hundreds of thousands of places of business throughout the country usually on the Friday afternoon before Christmas.

The simple fact is that no-one really knows how to act at the Christmas party. It's a totally unnatural situation where normal modes of behavior are thrown out the window for a short time. All of a sudden,



WIFE 3. TRY NOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF DRUNK EXECUTIVES' WIVES. Demure, retiring VP's wife
 "I sure had too much kahlua and vodka last
 Christmas... causing untimely retirement of elevator
 operator Rodney L. Marx (center) two days later.
 "I guess I was just evil," daughter-in-law Cynthia Fell II
 suffered a burst of rage and convulsions took out confusion
 in the park Dennis Litwak, precipitating his premature
 resignation and employment roles. Gladys Gregory, 33,
 "I guess I had member Whitne, Gregory, 45, had
 last time. I like at recent Yul shindig, banged drums
 for two hours and truck driver Sam Williams for three
 hours. S.S. Williams now shines shoes at the local
 street and depot.



RULE 4: IMBOOB ONLY AS MANY DRINKS AS YOU CAN HANDLE Three should be your limit—drinks, that is.

Naturally you're free to handle as many boobs as you wish. No limit is suggested. However, it is advisable to fondle a round number of them, or someone is going to wind up with one breast cuddled and the other coldly ignored. This of course would leave serious psychological scars—and give you a most foul reputation. In dealing with the boob, remember the Golden Mean: It Takes Two To tango, or four or eight. NEVER three, five, seven, etc. There is much wisdom in the Ancients.



employees may find themselves rubbing elbows with bosses in a temporary atmosphere of friendliness and camaraderie. Some office parties no doubt remain reasonably sedate. A surprisingly large number, however, turn into nothing short of a screaming orgy.

Why? The reasons are many. Dr. Robert Doles, a prominent New York psychiatrist who had studied the phenomenon of the Christmas office party offers the following observations:

"No-one really knows quite what is expected of him at the office party. You see, we all adopt a certain role at the place where we work. We try to look efficient, though of course all of us may not be. In other words, we attempt to project the image that says we are good at our jobs and worth the money we are paid. We are simply trying to protect our job security. We submerge the sexual sides of ourselves into this image of the efficient and hard-working employee."

"But of course, we are sexual beings. And this is as true at the place where we work as it is at home. We still notice that particularly sexy secretary with the heady perfume and the tight-fitting sweater which very obviously advertises her sexual equipment. We see her every working day, and after a while fantasizing what it would be like to get her into bed can become

(Continued on page 58)



RULE 5. DON'T JUMP INTO THE SECRETARIAL POOL This message could save your life. It is a well known fact that 85% of all office workers conserve their sexual energy until the annual Christmas party. Horny Girls Friday have been the undoing of more than one enterprising traffic manager. Take an oyster to lunch, if you must.



GIFT-WRAPPED GASH!



ACE's 1972 Model "Knockers We'd Most Like To Find In Our Christmas Stocking"

So you're going to open the cutesie little package to find another pair of argyle socks to match the ones you've still got in your dresser from last year. Or a chartreuse tie. Or the underwear "with a revolutionary new opening." Or some other garbage—right? **WRONG!** Because this year, friend, you're going to drop a few hints. "I want something large, ripe, mature, pear-shaped," you might say. Or: "Something that's hard, yet soft; bouncy, yet firm; smooth, yet pointy"—(and pray they don't give you a package of Jell-O). The pair of chestmelons pictured here comes fully assembled, needs no batteries, is washable, re-useable, and completely biodegradable. What more could you possibly ask for!

THE ULTIMATE X (rated)



MAS PRESENT



DIANE WATKINS:



SOME HELPFUL HINTS ON HOW TO SUCK A CHRISTMAS-TIME CANDY CANE

With the holidays just around the corner, it's time to start thinking about the candy canes you'll be sucking on. To get the most out of your candy cane, you need to know how to suck it. First, you need to know how to hold it. You should hold it with your fingers, not your teeth. Then, you need to know how to suck it. You should suck it slowly and steadily, not too fast and not too hard. Finally, you need to know how to finish it. You should finish it by sucking it all the way down to the bottom.





You know, you don't just jam the thing in and wait until the red and white goo starts drooling down your chin—there's an art to it. Our lovely assistant will demonstrate the finer points of how to suck that sweet thing until it's all nice and soft and mushy!



then (we finally got hold of some canes —left over from last year, but what the hell?) you start nibbling, sucking gently. You roll the skin—oops, we mean the cellophane —back until more of the delicious goodie is exposed.

Still gently, Diane shows us her perfect technique. In, out, hold, release



Now that she's really getting into it, Diane finds she needs some moral support.

We had no idea she liked candy so much. Look at her—poor girl is beside herself in ecstasy. By the time she's finished with it, there won't be much left.



X-RAY



A Candid Conversation With Mrs. Claus:



“NICK’S A BIT OF A STOCKING
FREAK AND HE HAS TROUBLE
GETTING HIS CHIMNEY UP!”

Wide-eyed tots the world over were shocked when Mrs. Emma Claus, wife of the famous humanitarian, Santa, announced today that she was leaving the jolly old gent.

"I just can't take it anymore," sobbed Mrs. Claus to reporters at her summer home in Fort Lauderdale. "I don't know if any of you have ever been to the North Pole, but believe you me it's no picnic. The weather's lousy. Cold and snowy all the time. Why, if it wasn't for my sunlamp from Sears, I'd be as white as the old duffer's beard. But that's not why I walked out on him."

Mrs. Claus paused, too distraught to speak. Taking a heady swig from the double Bosco and milk beside her hammock, she continued in a quivering voice: "And he's so damnec busy all the time.

Mr. Claus is a great deal older than I am, you must know—I mean, I was a mere child when he married me—and when he comes home after a day in the workshop, he won't get off his red flannel butt to take me anyplace. He's too pooped to pop, if you know what I mean.

Why, I haven't had a good time in bed since our honeymoon, and that only because I spiked his Shirley Temple soda with Geritol. Have you any idea what it's like to be a sexually frustrated woman in the Arctic?



But that's still not the real reason why I split on the old dude. "I suppose you'll badger me until I tell, so I might as well spill the beans right now. You call him a humanitarian, huh? A kindly old fellow? A lover of innocent children? Oh, if you only knew the half of it! Santa Claus has certain —ahem—sexual problems on his hands. I mean a guy would have to be pretty boffo to hang out with about four dozen of the ugliest elves I've ever seen—no, not the cute little critters people put on their front lawns next to the flamingos and plastic ducks—oh-uh. They're wizened, **incredibly filthy**, and they smell bad. Plus they're awfully dirty-minded—always doing rude things to the dolls they make. But do you think Santa minds? Hell, he joins right in. In fact, it was his idea to give Barbie Doll that enormous set of jugs. "But wait—don't put your pads away. There's more. I happen to know that he's committed unnatural acts with Rudolph (who incidentally doesn't get his red nose from the cold). And he can only make it with me if one of those disgusting little elves wraps him in paper and

Emilia a
young and get
But you'll never
know what all the
children are doing
when they're
with you in the
North Pole. I've
seen do this—the
old lady I've even
seen do this in
years."



Mrs. Emma Claus enjoying her freedom in a Florida retreat. "Why doesn't he grow up—I mean, Christmas is for babies."





"Speaking of which, this is what I must look like to them. Do you think I ENJOY looking like this to a bunch of pint-sized perverts? Guess again, sweetheart."



CHRISTMAS CARDS YOU'LL NEVER SEE



In the old days, your garden-variety holiday greeting card was adorned with a Madonna, a snow-clad little-brown-church-in-the-vale, or a rollicky-frolicky red-nosed Santa. These banal seasonal offerings were bought by the dozens and strewn with impunity among friends, business associates, and kissin' kin. Today, the tune has changed and many holiday cards contain pithy political statements as well as unreligious portraits of family, pets, and furniture. Since the Sexual Revolution reared its beautiful head, however, we can also expect a change in greetings. Call girls and pornographers, for instance, have taken to decorating their well-wishes with naked bodies and blue photography. It is in this spirit that we present the following greeting cards for Xmas '72, all stolen, no doubt, from the files of the filthy rich and famous!



SEASON'S (cough!) GREETINGS (gagg!)



Mrs. Henry Ford and family



**HAPPY
NEW
YEAR**



*Clifford and
Edith and Nina
and ... Howard
(not pictured)*

**MERRY
CHRISTMAS**



*You owe us one!
J.C. Godfather and
"Family"*



FREEZE YOUR BUTT OFF WITH US!



**THINKING OF
YOU THIS YULE**



*Wanna swing with us?
David and Julie and family*



TONS OF FUN THIS CHRISTMAS

From both of us at Night Witchers

After your
office party
**DRIVE
CAREFULLY**

*A Holiday Reminder
From The AAA*



O CUM ALL YE FAITHFUL!

*Stay loose,
Rev. & Mrs.
Billy Graham*



PIECE ON EARTH

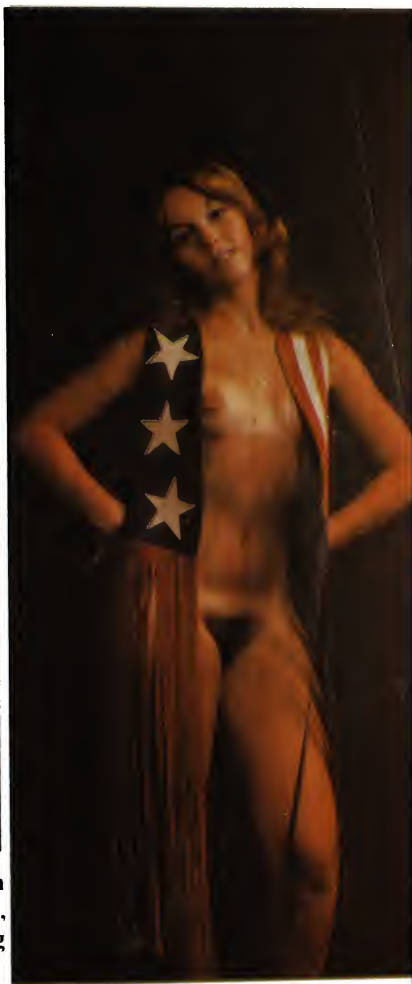
Make navel attacks, not novel attacks!

Senator and Mrs. B. Goldwater and family



**This Holiday Season
Don't Forget Motherhood,
Hairpie, and the Flag**

Your pals at the American Legion



BURN LOGS, NOT BRAS!

*Betty Friedan
and friend*



REMEMBER MOM AT CHRISTMAS TIME


*Seasons Greetings
Alexander Portnoy*

The Glittering Gold Box And Other Genital Gems



Here's something else to put into her box—pornographic jewelry from France. Leave it to the Frogs to think up new forms of filth! Each piece is “lovingly hand-crafted” from real gold—more or less. Anyway, you’ll have to look carefully at them because the French are a lot more subtle than we are. At a quick glance, the whole collection might appear to be a series of baroque lines and angles; but upon closer scrutiny, you’ll discover the truth. They’re naked bodies entwined in various forms of humpery. Clever, huh! She’ll respect you for your position—but she’ll love you for your dirty jewelry!





The latest in boob-baubles leaves nothing to the imagination. The only problem is of course where she can wear the clever creation. It's not the sort of thing one can sport at a revival meeting. The ring, on the other hand (get it?), is more convenient—and more suggestive. Those two pearls are really "the family jewels."



Not much room for captions here, but suffice it to say these are more bodily adornments. Belly-button covers, "bun" warmers, and necklaces symbolizing male and female goodies, all form a part of this new collection. Maybe Woolworth's isn't running a special on them yet—but don't worry. They'll soon be a part of most jewelry store stock!



O CUM ALL YE FAITHFUL



We don't know if you'll be joyful or particularly triumphant—but at least you'll be pleased to note that Regina Celli has decided to join the ranks. And it was quite a hassle to get her to do it. You'd think a good-looking girl would jump at the chance to appear in our incredibly classy publication, but no, Regina "wasn't that kind of girl"—whatever that means—and she'd be "so embarrassed she'd just faint in front of the camera." Her arguments held up until we reminded her of the time—just about a year ago, as a matter of fact—when she brought joy to the world (at least to the editorial department) by unfettering her talents and proving once and for all that she was a natural blonde. All of us knew already what she looked like sans undies, so why shouldn't the rest of the population be made aware of the glorious sight? After all, it's the season of good will for ALL men. Sneaky, but it worked. And now for the first time in print, Miss Celli lets it all hang out—and in public, no less!







SUCK-IT- TO-ME SALLY!

**"Love thyself,"
says this hot
little item, as she
provides some
helpful pointers
in the private art
of public
self-abasement!**

I'm so fine," she says, lying back in bed, dancing digits skimming over her belly, wanton tongue playing freely across her lips. She's Sally Storch, self-made woman, Sally the Finger Goddess, renown in the jazz joints and pick-up bars of St. Louis, for her fabled Dance In Honor of Narcissus, done on table tops—and before select friends in men's johns from Kansas City to Kirkwood.

"I'm so smooth," she gurgles from between drenched lips, staring into mirror, thumbing her nips and drumming her hips against some unmade mattress. "I'm so burning, so churning, so eeee-sy," she croons to herself, battering her buns with stiff caresses, recharging her armpits with lewd squeezes, crushing hand-held shoes into clit, crashing fist up fleshpit.

"I've had boys, I've had girls. I've done teams, caused screams, paid off dreams but I never found a lover like only me. I am the finest, the smoothest, the burningest, the harshest and the tenderest. I am all I have need."







The thumb is the most erogenous of the fingers and can be combined with the slow and languid breast caress for an especially delightful bout of foreplay.



Yet, in truth and forsooth, nothing beats the combined suction of thumb with friction of tum-tum. It's great. I give all the pleasure and receive it, too. Who could ask for anything more!"

KRAZY KRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR THE MAN WHO'LL

VIBRADENT: Here's the latest in erotic gum masagers, the incredible DILDORAL, a humming, cumming pseudopecker which gives milady all the fun of France without any of the postgame mess. Also excellent for maintaining gums, lips, and tongue in tiptop shape. All your better half as to do is work our slimy little electrobanana in and out of her pursed lips daily and, within one month, Guttermouth Products Ltd. (Paris, France) guarantees she'll be able to slaver over a hot stick all night long! Comes in six flavors and two basic colors.



TAIL SAFE: We're sure you hold the key to her heart and honeyhole, but... while you're on the road, does she keep the welcome mat out by the *back door*? Don't be half-safe! The fabulous ANALOC (by Rear Guard Technics, Athens, Greece) saves needless worry about flippside follies for cornholders who travel a lot. With this chastity confirmer, you can go round-the-world anxiety-free and she won't be able to!

A kooky katalogue of gifts
for karnal konisseurs!

BALL ANYTHING

By BRISS WATCHEN



CRUEL JEWEL: Do you resent Her Honor's ability to enjoy life? Well here's something to nip her petty pleasures in the old bud. Give her **MUFFCLIFFS**, the brand-new, ultra-chick body jewelry favored by Europe's Iron Maiden set. No self-respecting pain-lover should be without 'em. Hand-somely engraved, set comes five sizes too small for increased efficiency. Legions and tu-letters extra.



CYBERCOC: Here's a computer-programmed plunker with a mind of its own. Made of strong durable plastics, **AUTOPHUCK** (as he's called) is a boyfriend in a box for the girl who cares little for the joys of courtship. Available for 24-hour duty, this AC/DC battery-operated computer-phallus makes most of mankind's social niceties totally *de trop*. Plastic computer bush available for voyeurs. Write General Phallectrik, Princeton, N.J.

THE PIECEMAKER. Here's a rod with a rod of its own, a gat that's never half-cocked. Does she confuse violence and passion? Is your rifle never a gun? Does 45 calibre do more for her than 7 lively inches? Will John plank Mary under the pits? Tune in to PUBOPISTOL Unltd. and its complete line of schmuck-decorated murder devices. Point this lethal gadget at her unrelenting jib and see if she doesn't prefer the real thing. This item has the Godfather's personal kiss of approval.



IN COGNITO DEFECTIO. Too shy to appear in a stag flick in your own mustache? **NOSO-SPECS.** the Stag Flick Superdisguise, can turn you into a devil-may-care **BLUE MOVIE KING**, after only one application of make-up paste. Glue on the nose, attach the bifocals and, whambam thank you ma'am, you're ready for your first-time French job. White socks and modeling briefs extra. At-home super8 filthy filmer also available. Girlfriend's compliance not guaranteed.



INFLATABLE DRIVER-COCKSMAN: Does your bunkie miss your incredibly virile charms when you're indisposed? Well, here's a brand new method to see she has a good time—and remains faithful too! With her very own **LOVE STU!** Made of life-like Melmac with movable joint(s), this gift is sure to please. And if you send in a picture, our artists in Calcutta will even paint your kisser on **STU!** Comes with incipient bald spot, pot belly, jockstrap and removable five o'clock shadow. And as he's completely washable, your girl can even take him in the shower. Buy the present that keeps on saving: "I love you, you horny bitch!" At better hardware stores everywhere.



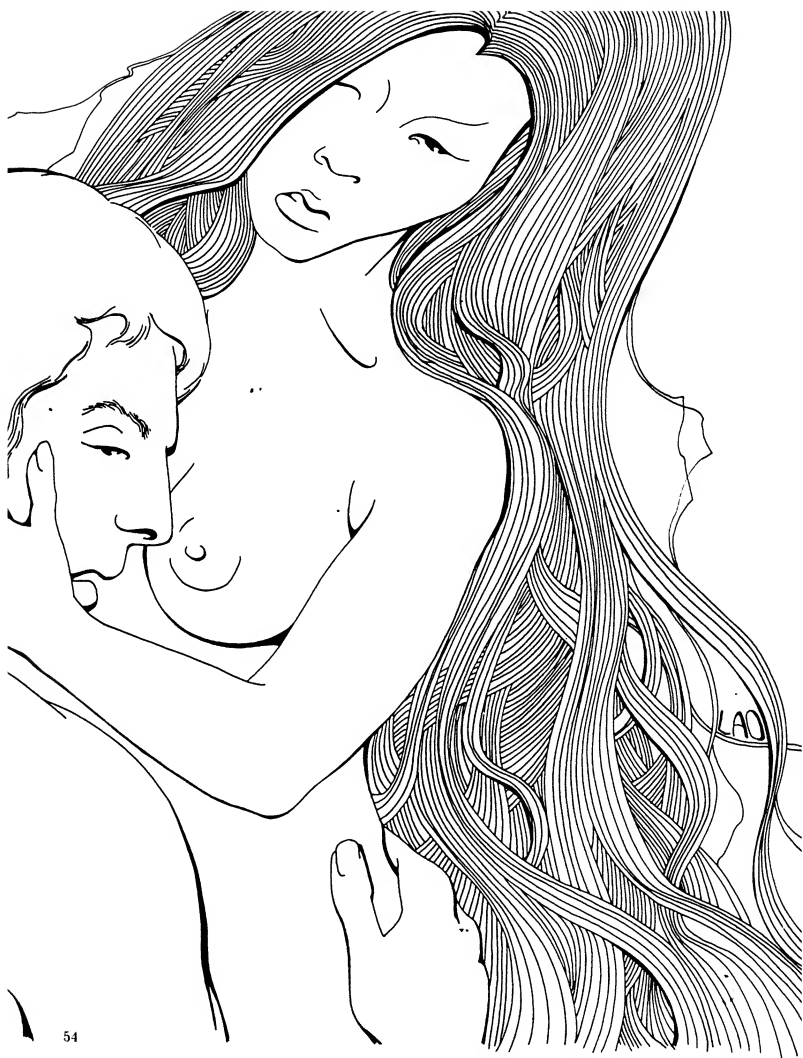
NIP'N' TUCK: Come waltz with the Merry Black Widow in this daring creation by California's own Billie St. Sneer. Made of strong Liecrotch re-enforced with iron filings, this sturdy garment will be able to take all she'll dish out—and then some! In fact it's guaranteed to cut off circulation and cause a slow, lingering death when the gangrene hits her breast area. Why not order two or three?

THE SEAT OF HEAVENLY BLISS. Something for the misogynist who has everything—his own cringing LADISEAT. It's soft vinyl, natch, and the wig comes in a wide assortment of colors to match every decor—and mood! (Special Offer—if you're in the V.F.W. and can prove it, we'll send you free of charge a whoopie cushion to place under the regular supremely comfortable dacron-pollyanna fibre seat. The boys will think you're a real card!) While supply lasts. But hurry—Gloria Steinem is in town and she throws a mean bomb!





PAP'S BLUE RIBBON. She bought the earrings, you gave her the matching locket and slave bracelet—now how about the ultimate in bodily adornment! She'll be yours alone in the new bauble by S'n'M. Lovingly hand-crafted by German masters way back in 1942, this PAP is a faithful reproduction, featuring the patented "cover-buckle" that makes insertion quick (and permanent). Help protect your property against theft. With a monogrammed PAP, your slave-girl will be safe from pillage, rapine and de-filament. In a wide range of styles to cater to even the most discriminating taste.



MUTILATE ME, MOMMA!

The Age of Enlightenment gave us Voltaire and de Sade, the Romantic era Wagner and von Sacher-Masoch; what they all had to say in one way or another was that some people like to suffer, and some people like to make them do so. Luckily for euphony, our terms are "sádism" and "masochism" instead of "voltairism" and "wagnerism."

Whatever the name, sadists are those who get their sexual jollies inflicting pain and humiliation, and those who like the converse are masochists (someone once defined a masochist as a man who is willing to play both bridge and golf with his wife).

New York and San Francisco have stores which openly offer equipment to those who prefer sex on a pain/pleasure principle, but there are mail-order houses selling unusual and usual devices in such quiet spots as Texas, Massachusetts, and Colorado, which suggests these sexual practices are not as limited as the general public believes. Many a man engages, and more would like to try, these supposedly bizarre sexual activities; witness the specialized publications which cater specifically to them, witness the personal advertisements in any underground newspaper which testify to the frustration which possesses these people, many of whom believe they are the only humans in the world with such desires.

In an effort to understand them, at least to examine the problems, we offer the following case studies.

JOHN D. IS 34, married and divorced, father of three children, an avid sportsman.

A Canadian, he would like to have played pro hockey but is somewhat small and inhibited by the fact that he wears glasses and finds contact lenses impractical.

nevertheless, he plays scrub hockey, hunts, fishes, and handles small sailing craft with skill and ease. Yet . . .

"When I go to bed with a woman I want her to be the aggressor, to dominate me, force me to do what she wants. I need to grovel nakedly at her feet, pleading for her cruelty, knowing that if I disobey her in the slightest, if I do not satisfy her every whim, she will punish me. I need to know that no matter how I try to obey, it will be inadequate, that she will discipline me by tying me spread-eagled to the bed and whipping me until I beg for mercy. My pleasure is only to please her; the more she demands, the happier I am.

"Once I tried explaining this to my wife, who was horrified. After that she would have no sexual contact with me. Before, she enjoyed the things I did to make her feel good. Once she understood why, she was no longer interested."

CARL N. IS 34; already the fat has begun to creep into his face and about his waistline. He has two children by a quiet, pleasant woman who is an excellent wife and mother.

"Like every married man," he says a trifle selfconsciously, "I love my wife. But every few weeks I can't stand it any longer and go to see this pro I found via an ad in one of the sex papers. The pro's tiny, with huge breasts. Always, we do it the same way: when I get there she's already dressed like the circus girls who put the horses through their paces. She cracks her whip, which means that I have to strip as fast as possible and get down on my hands and knees. Flicking me on the ass gently—I wish she could do it all over me, but dare not take the chance of the marks showing to my wife next day—(Continued on page 64)

**All about masochistic men
who'll take all the sh*t
she dishes out . . . for big \$ \$ \$.**

By SAM ABRAMOWICH

Confessions Of A Swap Set Social Director:

"How About A Little Game Of MUSICAL PUBISES"

By GLEN DOVER

If prostitution is the oldest profession, perhaps man's oldest social custom is the orgy. Ancient religions often marked the planting, or the harvest, season with days of complete licentiousness, and anything, everything between the sexes was possible as a tribute to some earth god or more likely, goddess.

It may be the ancients also recognized a good excuse when they found one. And they seized on it fast.

With the theoretical coming of civilization, especially in the western world after the first century, orgies got a bad press; only the Black Mass survived as a relic of the religious orgy. Whether Black Masses actually took place as such is difficult to tell—but there were still people who thought it would be a good idea to be invited to one.

Today no one needs a Black Mass to excuse group sex (although over the United States and Canada today there are practicing covens of witches who perform more or less tame ceremonies as prelude to sexual revels afterwards), all you need is an introduction to a man who calls himself Johnny Cream.

Contrary to the belief that an orgy is best if unpremeditated, Johnny claims some unqualified successes in carefully planned and managed Saturnale.

Johnny says:

"This isn't a business with me, it's I like group sex and a lot of it. The first time I ever made out I was fourteen and five of us gang-banged the quite-willing school amateur whore. Right there I knew this was for me. It was and still is.

"There's never any trouble finding guys who dig the scene, even if some of them are a little backward at first; after a few minutes almost any man will get into it although there is always one, maybe two, who'd rather sit in the corner, diddling by himself, watching, which is not bad if there aren't too many doing that. Part of the scene is exhibiting, you know.

"It took me a little time and lots of talk to

(Continued on page 66)



"How'd you like to feel it...?"

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That's right, send only \$5, and we'll rush you the world's first beaver-poster—with real hair!

How hairy can you get? I want to feel it for myself. Here's my \$5.—rush me a bushy poster with real hair!

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95 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10016



MINNIE THE MOUTH, THE FRIG-FILM FIREBALL

by SHANE CARSE

*Her youthful yap is
good for two things:
spouting off about the
sexual revolution and
furthering it*

Minnie Meditating Our
lady of the loose lips
prepares to get it on for
art's sake in one of her
nearly three-score sex
films



Minnie the Mouth is from North Carolina, but that's not her real name, which she prefers to keep secret. "At least as long as I do these sex film things," she told me.

The interview, one of several done during breaks on the party set for a sexploitation film, was tape recorded while sitting on folding chairs against the wall. Around us were various nude and semi-nude actors and actresses, drinking real booze and maneuvering to "make out" with various people.

Shane Carse: Is this your first sex film?

Minnie: My second. But this is the first big orgy whatever. In the first one there was just this guy and me and we were supposed to be making out.

SC: But you were faking it?



Minnie Rapping. She gives you the party-girl line on good times and game gash, liberally spiced with outrageous tales from her experience.

Minnie: Well, I hate to admit it, but I thought we were really supposed to be doing it, you know, **really** doing it. I was very nervous about it, but I'd been told sex films were the way you got into the regular pictures these days.

SC: You just believed what you saw, huh?

Minnie: I'd seen some of these pictures before, back east, and I thought they were really making out. I mean, it looked like it, didn't it? So when I came out here I fell in with Larry—he got me this job—and no one told me it was supposed to be phony! I mean, no one **ever** told me. They told me **later** they thought I knew!

Anyway, so I was doing this scene and I was giving this guy some head and **he** thought I was just hot for him. They didn't say a word, but I can see now that they couldn't see. Then we were supposed to ball so I put him in and we **went!** I feel so dumb now, telling that, but I didn't **know!**

SC: Did you know the actor before?



Minnie: Oh, I'd met him but I didn't **know** him! I can't see him to this day without blushing! But you know what tipped me off? I came, see, I mean, I couldn't help it, I **came**! And the director thought I didn't do it good enough? Can you beat that? I told him that was the way I came, and he got angry, saying it looked dumb, that I looked like I was in pain.

So we did it again but this time we just faked it and the director thought we were great! I thought he was going to fire us because we weren't really doing it! But then the guy told me it was supposed to be simulated sex and I had to run in the bathroom! I **cried** and couldn't come out for ages, I was so embarrassed!

SC: But you balled in front of people for the camera and then were embarrassed when you found out you weren't supposed to? I don't get it.

Minnie: I was embarrassed for being such a dumb bunny, such a **hick**! That's what embarrassed me, not the screwing! I felt so **stupid**!

SC: What happened then?

Minnie: Well, then I couldn't go near a set or a film or even go on an interview for **weeks**! Good thing I was living with Larry or I'd have starved to death. Oh, that was a scene! Larry always has two or three chicks living with him, it's really crazy.

He's balling them all but somehow—I don't know how—he keeps it all smooth. Like it is **rare** that some girl gets uptight at another girl because Larry balled her instead of her, if you get my meaning. Maybe it's because there's no permanent girl, everyone is kind of "stopping by" or "just crashing" awhile or something. But, anyway, he keeps it from getting sticky and it's just great.

SC: A balancing act . . . wow, that's hard to do!

Minnie: Well, after a while I just moved on, y'know? I got a job as a topless waitress, then I got fired for being underage. I had phony ID, of course, because I was just eighteen then. Anyway, I made it around and stayed alive. There are always guys who will take you to dinner.

SC: Yes, but *(Continued on page 76)*



Minnie Working. As an actress she's so so (with possibilities) but as a sexual athlete she has few peers in the gymnastics of the porn biz

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DO'S AND DON'TS AT THE OFFICE PARTY

(Continued from page 58)

and all the while he's slapping his secretary silly."

"I get up, pull up my pants, and head for the exit. I get called in first day next week and fired. No explanation or anything. Just one of those 'if looks could kill.' The boss's secretary isn't at her desk. Get this. One of the fellows in the office comes by while I'm packing up my stuff. The boss, he tells me, was planning to marry her. Now it's all off, and she's fired!"

"If once wasn't enough, the same thing happened to me next year. I lost a second job because of the frigging office party. This time, however, it was because I turned down the secretary of one of the office big-wigs. I'm not stupid. Once bitten, twice shy. She gets insulted, and tells her boss who she has a thing with that I had made a pass at her. Pure vindictiveness, and Mort Simmons was out of another job."

Mort's hard-learned advice about Christmas office parties is this. Don't, he says, ever go after the boss's woman. If the boss is making it with her, he'll be jealous, and out you go. If he isn't, he'll be envious. . . and out you go. While it's a little extreme, Mort thinks he has even better advice about office parties: Don't go at all!

Sorry, Mort. Can't resist. And as for the boss's woman. She does look pretty good. Wonder what the unemployment benefits are in our state? ●

MUTILATE ME, MOMMA!

(Continued from page 55)

she drives me toward a wooden box open at the top and fitted with a padlock on the door at the front. She pats me, rubs my head behind the ears just as if I were a pet pony, feeds me lump sugar. Finally she puts a bit and bridle on me, opens the box, and leads me around the room, cracking the whip. Finally she mounts me, makes me trot, pace, whoa, giddyap, using a heavy hand on the rein so that the bit hurts my tongue and the corners of my mouth. When she has exhausted me and I'm climbing the wall with the need to get it off, she

strips, gets down on her hands and knees, and I take her like a stallion.

"Then everything's all right for a few weeks until I have to call her up again."

ARTHUR B. IS 6'2" TALL, in his early thirties (he refuses to give his exact age), and looks and acts like the transcontinental truckdriver he actually is. He's unmarried and a transvestite who would, if it were possible, wear nothing but women's clothing. Completely masculine in his behavior and sexual performances, he nevertheless cannot climax without some complicated preliminaries.

"It took me some time, but I've found some women in a lot of towns who understand what I have to have. I always carry what's necessary in an overnight bag; when I get to a layover where I know someone, I use my little black book and see if she wants to take me over.

"Mostly they start out by forcing me to confess about wearing women's clothes, then tell me I have to be punished for it. They make me strip and, using what's in the overnight bag, dress me in nylon panties, a padded brassiere, and a French maid's uniform complete with wig, little white cap, and high heeled shoes. I have to serve my 'mistress,' make tea, wash dishes, sweep the floor. Anytime my 'mistress' decides I haven't done something properly, she makes me bend over a chair, pulls my panties down, and spansks my bare bottom with a pingpong paddle until I promise to obey her and do my work properly.

"Then she'll sit down, lean back, make me get on my knees and show her what else a good French maid does. When she tells me I've done my work properly, she commands me to do it the regular way, and if she's been extremely stern and demanding, I can do it three or four times in a row.

"There's a woman in Omaha who always invites at least one other 'mistress' to watch me perform and to take advantage of me," he adds happily.

ROGER G., 24, IS a graduate student in a midwestern university. Tall, quiet, intelligent, he becomes nervous and somewhat incoherent when he speaks of his experiences.

"I don't remember a time when

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I didn't know what I wanted. As a kid I used to go to the attic, tie myself up, and imagine I was beaten and abused in every way by a strong, cruel woman. Why, I don't know; my parents were gentle, kind people.

"Nor was it something I read. It was as if I knew it from a previous life. I didn't tell anyone, not for a long time. Then I saw an ad about a club for people interested in bondage and discipline, sent for its bulletin, and for the first time discovered there were hundreds of us with exactly the same desires. I wrote to some of the people who advertised and finally got to know a young couple a few years older than I am, who lived about twenty miles away from me.

"They have a collection of sex toys and devices—snap-on, steel harnesses to stretch my testicles away from my body, leather covers for my penis, leather-and-steel gags, leather-covered spring clothespins to be attached to my nipples.

"At first I was very nervous because of the husband, because I'm not at all interested in other guys, but found I needn't be because he always sat in a corner of the room, watching and enjoying himself in his own way for the time being. I must say though that it excites me even more having someone watch me and see my humiliation, my shame and pain.

"It's deliciously degrading to crawl on my belly at the wife's command, obeying her every whim, accepting all the debasing actions which she forces upon me. Leather turns me on unbelievably and when she stands commandingly over me in high length black leather boots, leather miniskirt and bra, long leather gloves to her elbows, I freak out.

"The supreme time comes when I'm hung from the ceiling with leather shackles on my wrists and ankles, my legs spread as far apart as possible and attached to floor stanchions. Then, cursing, using all the foul language ever invented, she uses a whip on my back, my buttocks and thighs. She always knows the exact point when I can take no more; then she makes her husband lie on his back on the floor just in front of me, she mounts him and they work themselves to a climax. Immediately after she lets

me down, spreads me wide on my back on the floor and fastens me there helplessly, mounts me and does exactly what she had just done with her husband.

"I have sex with girls in regular ways, if there are any, but nothing I do excites me so much as a session with this couple."

These then are the sex slaves to women, living proof of the extreme varieties of human sexual experiences. Not, you might say, for me—but remember that scratching, biting, wrestling, simulated rape, all sexually commonplace, are lesser examples of the same spirit. Consider also that orgasm itself has been described as the greatest mixture of pain and pleasure possible in the human being, which suggests that to a degree everyone is sadomasochistic.

Perhaps most of all, consider the laws of the land which increasingly base themselves on the premise that what two consenting adults do in private should be no concern of the community, a practical approach to sexual relations for if statutes on the books were strictly enforced we might wake up one morning to find half the population behind bars, prisons full of men and women who were doing what they thought came naturally only to discover there's a law somewhere against even the most simple, least complex sexual behavior.

MUSICAL PUBISES

(Continued from page 56)

get it all started, but I found if you mention it often enough some guy will come up and suggest that he and his wife or girl friend or some broad he's laying might, just might be interested. So I started a card-file (he points to a padlocked, six drawer steel cabinet sitting neatly in a bookcase against the wall); there's not a dead card there and the cards cover a radius of a hundred and fifty miles. Not bad, huh?

"Right now our big thing is the weekly meet; I've got a loft downtown in an area where there's nobody at night. Every Saturday we have a party, twenty, thirty people. Always a few less women than men so it's sure no woman gets let out, even if she's not the most beautiful

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in the world. Generally we weed out the too-doggy ones, they cause trouble if nobody makes it with them. Yet one of the regulars is a middle-aged woman who sags a little and wasn't too pretty to begin with; she's so fantastic, so uninhibited, so nicely whorish she makes out better than some of the goodlooking ones... besides which she's what we call a "screamer," which gets to a hell of a lot of men, me included.

"We keep the weekly pattern changing. There are a few regulars, me, another guy, a pretty girl who honest-to-God is a store detective, and the screamer. We keep adding new blood, not only since singles and couples drop out from time to time or permanently, but because new bods, new faces, increase your interest.

"For new ones, the first time is worst except for the fact that most of them say they never get such a sensational feeling again as the first.

"We have the volume in the stereo rig far up when people start to arrive, it makes them talk louder to make themselves heard, and the

noise makes them think right away they're having a good time. Everyone brings his own highs, the juice-heads have liquor, the potheads grass, although we watch the juice-heads because drunks are death on the group when it begins to get to the nittygritty. That's especially true of women lusher... they tend to be troublemakers, I don't know why.

"The only precisely planned bit is the beginning. You got to have a sense of timing, have to know that now, and not a moment later, it's time for something to happen—and you got to make it start happening. If it hasn't of its own accord, two of the regulars begin to make out, not with a tremendous production, just not paying attention to anyone else, doing their own thing. Even those who aren't watching know sex when it rears its lovely head in a group, you can have your back to it and know.

"Funny, the group as a whole gets more tense, but individuals less so. Another thing, once the first move has been made, the second is likely to come from a woman.

"We watch newcomers carefully,

so they get into it right from the start. It's like seducing a girl who wants to but is afraid to, knows she's going to but doesn't want to begin yet. Like virgins, those who've never done it before attract the old hands.

"There are no rules, no regulations, except that nobody can be forced to do something he doesn't want to. We don't allow S-and-M scenes or male homosexual acts. We don't discriminate against biguys, it's just that it turns some of the straights off, so every once in a while we have only bi-guys or those who don't give a damn what anybody else does, male or female.

"When I say anything goes, it does. We've had daisy chains, musical chairs—without the chairs, exhibitions, round robins... you name it, we've done it.

"No one uses last names, unless he wants to; one of the advantages of our system is that you never have to see someone again. There's none of the embarrassment of having last night's sex partner turn up at your door, uninvited but smiling and eager, just when your mother-in-law is sitting on the back patio

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bad-mouthing the sex habits of the world at large.

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"Her husband is six-four, weighs a clean two hundred and must have had a stallion for a father. He's what's meant when somebody says 'stud.'"

"When the two of them are in motion, it's like mountains copulating. And the other two; they work it so it appears as if the first pair is surrounded by ten, and not two, others. When things are really swinging, the four of them get together and prove that all those positions you read about in the *Kama Sutra* and thought were impossible, aren't.

"By the way, you're invited." •

THE PRODIGIOUS PECKER (Continued from page 11)

occurred to me that each morning and afternoon these incredibly efficient nurses and/or male orderlies had bathed me, my genitals . . . had attended to the issues that encompassed the problems in the rear. Upon becoming alert and knowing, I felt a bit ashamed. I tried to simulate embarrassment, indeed, I felt it.

It was here that I learned that I

was a celebrity. It was my doctor, the surgeon, that confided I was somewhat of a conversation-piece in the hospital. Mine it seems was that highly excitable weapon being discussed during coffee-breaks by nurses and aides throughout the institution. Mine was the marveled at member which, in my half-consciousness, had been inspected by nurses and orderlies on each of the various 8-hour shifts, each "shift" alerting the next to the "phenomenon" within.

On the fifth morning, after I had slept soundly, I awakened suddenly, and there was the nurse, Ava, as usual, waiting to hand me a clean, cool washcloth. Keenly aware now, I was intrigued. She would give me a bed bath. I judged Ava to be a woman of both the new and old freedoms . . . a real pro or, at any rate, the present day reply to the age-old varietyism of men. Indeed, she *knew* men. As I saw her immediately she was a testament to living who did not look upon her duties as a mere job with paycheck attached. Her work plainly gave her pleasure and whatever she did, she seemed to be getting a few moments of true enjoyment. But . . . I was something extraordinary! When she got around to my pubic area her touch became lighter and more caressing . . . she lifted my penis and, in lavng it, would stroke the lengthy lance up and down, causing it to swell, to become alive and alert. Now, drying the cap of it, holding it vertical, she addressed her gaze as though regarding a revered museum piece. Suddenly, and to my complete astonishment, she leaned over and slid her tongue along the stretched trunk of it! Hereupon, she drew it into her mouth. I felt my flesh slide past her warm lips whilst the member dashed to full alert. But, alas, my gargantuan gun was now far too large and she could take no more than the glans into her hungry mouth. I could feel the moist movement of her tongue on the head while her hand moved up and down on the shaft. But just as my inner juices began to boil, she released me, my penis dropping against my belly with a thud. Standing now, she patted the member, then replaced the covers. She looked at me, winked, then smiled. "I'll see you a bit later." And she was gone. I was as stiff as an iron bar

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and my private throbbled for fully five minutes. I laid back and tried to relax. She'll be back, I thought, contentedly.

The morning wore on and there was no sign of Ava. An aide brought lunch, and afterward I lay back and dozed. I now knew myself to be a very special magnet to women. A kind of a shaggy god from another day—naked, with great stormy eyes, a heavy beard, an impatient voice. I carried a large knotted club as I went about demanding, commanding large-bosomed females to kneel before me. And there was, on the great river, a galley with golden bow and purple sails. It's oars silver—and flutes and pipes and harps. Cleopatra lay with me, naked, fondling my erect penis, on a couch of gold brocade and all about were pretty maids who fanned us with palm leaves. Cleopatra said solemnly, "It's sooo big!" Indeed, I slept in this realm of fantasy and creation.

I saw no more of Ava that day. It was Emily now who appeared with medication. She smiled sweetly, "Ready?" she asked. She pulled the curtains closed, then reached for

the covers. Pulling them down, she gawked at my still-enlarged member. "How wonderful you are," she said simply, as she reached over and stroked me gently, then gripped the shaft in her hand. She looked into my eyes and, that sly smile again.

"Do you like it?" I ventured. And now she cupped the testicles in her hand, "It's really something, isn't it?" she wondered. And then, releasing me, she uttered, "Now turn over and we'll take care of what has to be taken care of." With that, she pushed me onto my side.

Replacing the covers, Emily looked down at me, that faint smile on her lips. "I could eat you with an unsterilized spoon!" she said. She gave a quick pat where the sheet bulged and departed.

I was lying awake, gazing now and then at TV, when the night shift came on, alone in my room now as the chap in the other bed had earlier been moved to another quarter of the hospital). It was after mid-night when Ronnie entered carrying a big dish of strawberry ice cream.

"Ready for this?" he asked.

"Ah . . . Yes!" I replied, "and thank you!"

"Temperature first," he said as he placed dish on the bed table, then thermometer under my tongue. He took up my wrist for a minute or so. After getting the mercury reading, he suddenly slipped his hand under the covers and grasped my penis. He squeezed lightly. "This thing," said he, still holding on, "is quite the conversation piece around here." He withdrew his hand and stood there smiling.

"Oh," I said casually, "why?"

"Man, it's the size, man!" he replied. "It's the biggest one anybody in this place has ever seen!"

"Really?" I ventured.

"Look Man," he said, now in a sort of half-whisper, "Some of the gals here have worked in big hospitals all their adult lives. None of them has seen one as big as yours." He reached in again and stroked the part. I could feel it begin to swell.

"What are you doing?" I asked coyly, then winking.

"Gosh, it's about the biggest one in the world isn't it? And it's fat too, how long is it, ever measured it?" he said, unheeding.

"No I haven't," I said. And with this he withdrew his hand. He turned and strode toward the door. "I'll be back in a minute," he said.

It was my first encounter with a young male and fear-thrills ran through me as I felt the member swelling rapidly in the warmth of the bedding. It became stiff and elongated as I awaited Ronnie's return.

Re-entering, Ronnie pulled the heavy curtain enclosing the bed. He showed me the tape measure, "Let's see," he said, and again placed his hand inside the covers. "My God!" he exclaimed.

Now, down with the covers. He lifted the organ into a vertical position. It was totally erected—swollen, straining, looking even more elongated than usual, being devoid of pubic hair. "This is somethin' else," said Ronnie applying the tape. "Look here, ten and three-quarters!" he almost shouted. And now he stroked it slowly from tip to base, gazing at it raptuously.

As if impelled by some unseen force he bent down and took the head between his lips, his warm tongue playing about the pressure point in back of the head. And then



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I could feel his mouth widen as he sought to get the head fully into its warmth. It was delightful and I could feel tension building up quickly. "Don't stop," I whispered as I felt the mounting excitement. I grasped his hair with both hands and soon, too soon, spent myself.

I lay back now breathless and gasping. Ronnie was straightening his jacket when I opened my eyes. He smiled a bright smile.

"Good eh," he said. And now with soap and water he again carressed the drooping warrior, still almost as erect as before, and it continued to throbb and pulsate.

Bright sunlight was streaming in the window when Ava awakened me. As I gazed at the breakfast tray, I became aware of two things, hunger and an impressive hard-on. The latter was quite usual after sex or a good sleep. In my past invariably, despite lack of dreaming, I would awaken with an erection even though I had already been to the bathroom several times!

A cool washcloth on my face and eyes and I was suddenly conscious and alert to the steaming oatmeal, coffee, buns before me. Sipping coffee as Ava busied herself with the bedding I thought of normal desires . . . food and sex, each so a basic human need. And then I recalled that Ava had neglected to return yesterday as she had promised. Under my breath I said . . . almost aloud . . . after breakfast Ava, it's your turn. And with this I reached down to stroke the conversation-piece. Ah, how good it felt!

Satisfying the inner-man, I pushed the table away . . . as Ava approached. "Enjoy your breakfast," she asked as she departed holding the tray aloft. And momentarily she was back with that lovely soap-and-warm water. She looked at me and winked. I smiled a big smile.

Turning, she pulled the curtains to a close. I could feel my testicles knead themselves and my member begin to swell. When she removed the covers it lay bare upon my hairless abdomen like a large iron bar. "Well, just look at that," she exclaimed as she playfully ran her index finger slowly up and down the shaft. And now, the warm, soapy washcloth. The member was as stiff as a young sapling. She stopped

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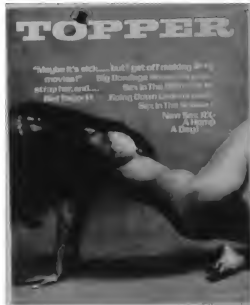
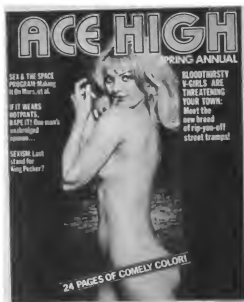
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mentarily as she held it upright. "This is really something else," she murmured as it swelled and strained . . . and as I squeezed my buttocks it reached out . . . and up toward her gaping mouth. I closed my eyes and how wonderful it was now to feel her tongue tickling, and then her warm lips close over the head. Now, she gripped it more firmly with her lips, absorbing the swollen tip and fondling the shaft with her hands, massaging and manipulating the balls. I felt my cheeks, flushed and burning, and as though every drop of blood in my body was tingling wondrously.

The intensity of the rhythm with mouth and tongue continued for several minutes and now I could feel the juices begin to rise. Slowly at first, and now I felt myself trying to hold on, to keep going. And then, as she grasped the shaft at the base more firmly, the skin tightening on the head as she pressed downward, I gushed hopelessly in a terrible torrent, so sweet, so glorious, amidst a throbbing convulsive surge. I shook and quivered for a full five minutes as Ava continued with her tongue . . . soothing . . . wiping . . . licking.

The still hard penis now lay back on my stomach, flushed and crimson, like someone had discarded a forearm.

Oh endless joys and endless sorrows . . . suffering the goad of a restless heart. Double, double, toil and trouble. Fire burn and cauldron bubble!

As a youngster I read and vaguely wondered at the nature of a pagan orgy . . . the passions of Tyre, of Greece, of Rome. But, I knew such things to be gone forever! Yet here, in a flower-covered building in lovely southern California, behind closed curtains, sex reared its lovely head as though the gods were still about and time had just begun. Oral sex . . . indeed in the new scheme of things . . . recreation, not procreation. Wasn't all this what the Pill accomplished?

It seemed that the current popularity of fellatio had reached new proportions, and that the cult of the large male genital size was in flower. And as I lay there dozing and dreaming, I thought of Ronnie, and of Ava . . . and of Emily! Would all this be socially acceptable to Emily too?

But Emily, the prettiest of all the

nurses at Clark Community, was I thought, enigmatic, elusive. She had about her that delicious air of remoteness combined with a certain insouciance of manner. In her previous contact with my organ, she has seemed rather flippant, saucy, even parental in a way. Had she been a conversationalist at those coffee-breaks and if so, what had she said or heard? Oh, for a tape recorder!

But these gals were the pros whose daily duties brought them all manner of contact with male and female physical proportions. It has been said that most nurses, having studied the human anatomy, know more about the male genitals than men themselves. But, I especially recalled Emily's remark when she had attended me ("How wonderful you are" she had said) and I remember her sloop-eyed, intriguing, knowing smile.

As Doc has told me, mine, in limbo or erect, was just simply the talk of the entire nursing corps. Was I a freak, a curiosity? What has Ronnie said? Ava? Indeed, it was amusing to speculate on all this, and what Emily might do once I showed her the full erection and offered it to her.

But now my plans were knocked into a cocked-hat. No more bed-baths. Orders now called for sitz-baths . . . in a tub with water as hot as I could stand . . . at least 3 times daily and twenty to thirty minutes of soaking. The schedule called for morning, mid-afternoon and early evening.

It was Ava who first prepared a sitz-bath for me. I walked cautiously to the bathroom designated, Ava escorting me. Inside I doffed my bathrobe. Helping me get down into the water Ava remarked wryly, "That thing isn't quite so big now is it?" And then, "How's the water, warm enough?" And as she leaned over to turn on the spigot, I kissed her and playfully ran my fingers up her thigh. "The hotter it is the bigger your penis will get you know," she said laughingly. And departing she quipped with a smile, "Enjoy yourself!"

And so began the sitz-baths schedule . . . with Emily still at large and on my mind. Later, I leaned she was on a few days vacation and would return tomorrow. I was determined to maneuver this pretty thing into a confrontation

with a truly monumental piece of machinery!

It was the second day after returning that Emily was on the evening shift assigned to my room. Pert and in good humor, she greeted me as she brought in my dinner tray. She seemed fresh and gay, without a care in the world. Several hours later, she skipped into the room, strode to the side of the bed. "Sitz-bath!" she announced—and departed!

So here I was . . . I would be discharged from the hospital any day now and there may be no other opportunity. What to do when she takes me to the bathroom? Once inside should I seize her, kiss her, grasp her hand and place it on my organ? Or just drop my bathrobe and let her see the member again?

I was still pondering this monumental question a few minutes later when she suddenly returned. "Ready?" she asked.

What I did was something I hadn't thought to do previously, something that never occurred to me. Of a sudden I flipped the covers aside as though to prepare to leave the bed. Lo and behold, there I was, fully erected!

"Now Emily," I asked coyly, "How can I walk down the corridor like this?"

She was stunned for a brief moment and then broke into uproarious laughter, shielding her face with her hands. And now regaining composure she quickly pulled the curtains around the bed, still laughing and chuckling.

Emily then suddenly darted outside the curtain and I could hear her quickened footsteps as she scampered out of the room.

But in a moment she was back. A cold washcloth in one hand, two pieces of ice in the other.

Oh that Emily. She could outmaneuver the craftiest fox! She applied the chill at once, still chuckling. "This is the best way to handle that," she said, still mumbling suppressed laughter. "Now come along," she commanded, and led me to the bath.

Soon, after twenty heart-rending minutes in the steaming water, there was Emily to lead me back. Still submerged I was possessed with yet another state of erected bliss. Towels in hand Emily smiled, waited. I stood up, my skin reddened and glowing. My mighty phallus

stood forth and beckoned, invited, pleaded. Emily approached as I still stood in the tub. She towed the member and then seemed suddenly to simply succumb. She went to her knees kissed it, placed it against her cheek, and then took the head in her mouth.

Exhilaration almost overcame me. It was absolute triumph. My animal spirit rose to new heights and in a few moments I too surrendered. I trembled with ecstasy, winced, even staggered as inner eruption seemed to take place as the semen burst forth spurting, jetting forth as from a fire hose. It was an almost painful release, sorrowful, one devoid of joy, for there I stood dwindling, shrinking, shriveling . . . exhausted. Emily was beautified, sucking the spray off her lips, hungrily licking errant drops off the floor!

Regaining my composure, my self-control I bade Emily rise, looked into her clear blue eyes for a moment, then kissed her softly. That night as I lay in my warm bed, thoughts turned to the impossibility of human purity. In spite of their images what are people really like? Say nurses in particular?

Clean, modest, tolerant, compassionate? Even virtuous or chaste? What, indeed, has happened to that halo the poets, in their fancy, placed over womanhood? And people? Decency, morality, charity, brotherhood in this century? Not at all! Merely a meaningless dance of lunatics in an asylum.

MINNIE THE MOUTH

(Continued from page 63)

they want to eat you, too . . .

Minnie: Oh, I can handle that. It's not hard. I think men treat you like you want to be treated. At least most of the time. If you are out front with them and don't try some phony shit then I think it's cool. If a guy wants to buy me dinner and I think he might be interesting to spend some time with I'll say yes, but I'll also say, 'This doesn't buy you a ticket to my bed.' I think if a girl is straight and doesn't act like she'll make it with him for a free meal, then he has no beef coming. At least that's my way and so far it's worked.

SC: How do you like working in this film?

Minnie: It's fun. It's kind of wild

standing around here with my breasts uncovered, you know, just like it was nothing. Guys look, yeah, but they're cool, y'know? No hassles. Oh, when we do the orgy stuff there are hands all over me but that's okay, that's the job. I knew it going in, so no complaint.

SC: Do you want to get into the majors?

Minnie: Sure. Doesn't everyone? Wow, to be a movie star—!

SC: An actress or a star?

Minnie: Well, not all stars are actors, are they? They are just **them** and if they can project, great, people want to see them, fine, and I guess that's what makes a star a star.

SC: Think you'll get discovered in sex films?

Minnie: Well, a few of the girls have, I think, though nobody has gotten to be Big, y'know, not yet. But if you can't get a part the regular way—well . . . why not? And with all the X-rated films and all the sex and nudity they gotta start looking for girls with good bodies who don't mind showing them, don't they?

SC: Ever go on interviews to the major studios?

Minnie: Only four since I got my nerve back. One was yesterday. I undressed for this guy and showed him the bod, y'know? I mean, that's what they tell me you have to do. Right away he wanted to take me to dinner, to take me to Newport for a weekend, to do this and that. But no mention of a part. Well, kiddo, I'm a little wiser than that dumb ass who made that first film! I just put my clothes on and I told him when he was ready to discuss a **part**, not a **position**, then to call me. I don't expect he will, though.

SC: Nudity doesn't bother you then?

Minnie: No, why should it? It's a natural thing. A lot more natural than clothes, than any peek-a-boo stuff. Oh, I suppose if I were **ugly** or fat or something I'd stay covered up.

Hey, you know who gets the most uptight about nudity? Women! The ones with the tight mouths and the bad skin. The girls with the good bodies never mind showing them off, but the wives, man, the wives, and the old biddies and those that are insecure with their men! Well, they are probably right! Who would want to stay with some dried up—physically or mentally!—old bag



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when there's a groovy chick around to swing with?

SC: Some people equate nudity with sex and everyone knows sex is dirty... in fact, there's a saying that if it isn't dirty you aren't doing it right.

Minnie: Right on, brother. Everyone knows that, that's why the sexual revolution exists!

SC: Are you a women's liberation type?

Minnie: Partly. I'm not for some of what they want, but I think equal pay and all that is right. Sometimes they go too far, but I suppose they have to just to get the things they want. What I don't like is that lesbian stuff or at least, the way it looks is lesbian. Like they don't need men at all! That's silly! Why deny nature? But a lot of it I agree with.

SC: What would you do if I reached out and took a hold of your breast?

Minnie: Ask you what you had in mind. I don't get the feeling you'd be doing it because I had a groovy tit but that you were doing it to shock me or get me to say something. Am I right?

SC: Probably. It wouldn't shock you or surprise you?

Minnie: It would shock me if your hands were icy or surprise me if you did it roughly or something. Why should it surprise me that a man would want to feel a breast? Don't they feel good? Are my breasts so ugly that no man would want to touch them?

SC: Suppose I asked you to go to bed with me?

Minnie: So ask and find out. I would want to know if you were serious or not. I wouldn't with most men, but I feel you might be doing this just to get a rise out of me, right?

SC: Guilty. Not that you are not attractive, but right here and now I'd be doing it for effect. A sort of physical question, as opposed to the verbal ones.

Minnie: That's dumb. Do it for real or not at all. Don't put a girl on. Back home there were a lot of games and I hate games. There are a lot of games out here, too, maybe more of them even, but I'm hipper now and I can handle it better. I don't fault a guy for coming up and asking if we could ball. What I don't like is a dumb approach, like, "Hey, baby, how about you and me?" You know right out of the blue. I go to bed with **people**, with men,

not bodies or cocks. I must get to know a person first.

SC: Well, now that we've talked a while and you have revealed your inner self to me... how about it, baby?

Minnie: Oh, forget you! I don't know whether you are serious or not, you come on so straight, but... oh, let's forget it!

SC: Okay... drat, shot down again! But I rise again! What turns you on sexually?

Minnie: My mind. You gotta get my head hot first, honey. There ain't no other way! I gotta dig the scene before I dig the rest. Like now, you and me, I'd like to find out if you are kidding or not... then I could get behind it... or not!

SC: I have intrigued you?

Minnie: Yes, but in a nutty way. I... well, I...

SC: Go on...

Minnie: I feel you'd be nutty in bed. Like you'd...

SC: Go on, I'm fascinated...

Minnie: Well, you'd make jokes in bed. I don't mean tell jokes, but you'd do... funny things. Wouldn't you? I think you would.

SC: Like what?

Minnie: I don't know what but... well, it might be interesting... but I don't know... you're an older man and... well...

SC: I'm not dead.

Minnie: No, it's not that... oh, hell... I bet you'd make me laugh!

SC: Is that a bad thing?

Minnie: Well, I've never laughed in bed. I... I guess I'm strange, but I take it seriously and I think you'd make me laugh...

SC: Be the best thing for you. Laughing in bed is the best kind of laughter.

Minnie: (After a long pause) I bet it is.

SC: Intrigued enough?

Minnie: I don't know...

SC: Let me take you away from all this (gesturing to the orgy) and give you more **personalized** attention. None of this mass produced passion. What you need is a hand-crafted, **sculptured** orgasm that you can press into your memory book, alongside the first kiss and seeing **Fantasia**.

Minnie: You are nutty...

SC: See? My seduction is complete! You are in my power!

Minnie: Seduction? Christ, I've never been **seduced**. Seduced is what happens in books. I may get

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laid, or screwed or fucked or balled, but never seduced . . .

SC: Maybe that's the trouble . . .

Minnie: There's no trouble . . . I have a ball . . .

SC: Ah, but that's just sex. I have come from far places to bring you romance . . . mystery . . . intrigue . . .

Minnie: You sound like a book jacket.

SC: Is it a date?

Minnie: Um.

SC: Don't "Um" me, come right out with it.

Minnie: Okay. No.

SC: God! What will my readers think? They'll think I'm losing my touch!

Minnie: I don't care what your readers think, I don't know them. SC: But they are your potential fans! They will be able to say, "I knew her when."

Minnie: I hope not. When I'm a big star I want to forget all this. Other stars deny their beginnings so why shouldn't I?

SC: But you and I . . . we were so good together, frolic, rollicking in the silken sheets of love's embrace, rising to heights of erotic splendor ne'er seen on this Planet Three.

Minnie: "Ne'er?"

SC: All right, you have rejected me. But mark this moment well. You have made a turning, you have walked down an alternate path of destiny. I am not on that path. What strange fate awaits you I know not . . .

Minnie: Well, gee, a girl doesn't want a strange fate to jump out at her . . .

SC: Good, then I'll take you home after the shooting.

Minnie: Yours or mine?

SC: Let some mystery remain . . .

Minnie: Oh, it'll be a mystery all right . . . Gawd, what have I gotten into?

SC: Destiny struck. Fate devoured you. Your karma has been collected. Your subscription to **Boredom** has run out. Your horoscope has been cast in cement. Your outlook is looking up.

Minnie: Oh, god . . . Are you going to talk all the way through it?

SC: I hope not.

Minnie: So do I. Has to be to-night, huh? (Sighing) Well, if I've been fingered by fate . . .

SC: Someone had to.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PAUL SARNOFF, America's leading Put & Call educator, has taught thousands of investors and speculators how to make money from stock price fluctuations—without ever buying or selling a share of stock.

He has been everything from a runner to investment adviser to owner of his own brokerage firm during an exciting—and unique—36-year career on the "Street." Mr. Sarnoff is presently Vice President and Educational Director of Lombard Street, Inc., a coast-to-coast put and call firm.

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0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

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